

CHARIVARIA.

LORD KITCHENER has been appointed to command the troops assembled in London for the Coronation ceremonies. It is an open secret that, if he should acquit himself satisfactorily, a Territorial adjutancy may be offered him.

The National Peace Council has expressed the hope that the Coronation pageant will not be confined to representatives of the naval and military forces of the Crown. It would, by the way, be rather pretty if, in one of the processions, room could be found for all persons named George.

"Radicals," says *The Daily Chronicle*, "attribute the enormous growth in the Navy Estimates to the fact that they are dictated now, not by statesmen, but by admirals." It does seem curious that in such a matter the advice of a man like Sir KNYVET WILSON should be followed rather than that, say, of Mr. KEIR HARDIE.

The *Débats* thinks it would be a graceful acknowledgment if, in return for France's concession in adopting Greenwich time, England would adopt the metric system of weights and measures. We have heard of time working wonders, but this would be a miracle.

Mr. CHURCHILL has decided to appoint a committee to inquire into the question of Manx Constitutional reform. It is possible that a recommendation may be made in favour of an Omnibus Bill to cover the cases of Ireland, Wales, and the Isle of Man.

Has the Missing Shepherd been found at last? "While walking from Roby to Gateacre," *The Liverpool Courier* tells us, "Mr. C. S. Brice, of Wavertree, picked up a fine specimen of a neolithic celt."

"Can't I speak? I am paying for it," exclaimed an excited litigant at the Shoreditch County Court the other day. When Members of Parliament receive salaries the SPEAKER, we suspect, will be appealed to in almost identical terms—"Can't I speak? I am paid for it."

It is rumoured that some of our

Suffragettes intend to take to Harem Skirts, so as to have the power of bargaining. They will then offer to give us back our trousers if we will give them the vote.

As the result of new fashions an appreciable decrease in the sale of petticoats is, we are told, making itself felt in the Drapery world. Those who were responsible some little time since for changing the name of Petticoat Lane to Middle-sex Street were evidently possessed of no little prophetic instinct.



PERCY REYNOLDS

"ANY GROUNDSEL FOR THE BIRDS, GUY'NOR?"

An outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease is reported from Chobham. "Four pigs are said to be affected." We are sorry to hear this, as we hate the sight of an affected pig.

A pre-historic music-hall was a feature of a matinee last week at the Empire. It is not, we believe, generally known that some of our knock-about artistes are a survival from that period.

From *The Times*:—"WHITEHEAD.—On the 1st March, at 15, Granard Road, S.W., Jessie, wife of E. G. Whitehead, added to the nation's wealth a healthy male citizen." If the WHITEHEADS are not careful they will have Mr. LLOYD GEORGE taxing the undeveloped boy.

"America," says Mrs. GLYN, "is every year becoming less dependent on England for its fiction." Many transatlantic newspapers, we believe, make nearly all their own news now.

The Suffragettes have now definitely decided to take leave of their census.

Professor Sir J. THOMSON, speaking at the Royal Institution, estimated the temperature of Mars at 38 degrees below freezing point—"which," he pointed out, "would seem rather unfortunate for the canals." We suspect that Professor LOWELL will now find that the little black specks on his canals are skaters.

"One of the fundamental differences between men and women," says *The Labour Leader*, "is that the latter like work." We bow to our contemporary's authority in the matter of men belonging to the labouring classes; but this work that women love—is it real work? Is it not too often fancy work?"

Patriotic purchasers are cautioned against buying goods of any sort marked "BRITISH MADE."

"The first business was to elect a Chairman for the ensuing year, and on the proposal of the Rev. Canon Hutton, seconded by Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. G. E. Heneage, the committee chose Mr. W. Embleton-Fox with unanimity."—*Lincolnshire Echo*.

Surely somebody might have worked up a little excitement over it.

"Recently a lady left in a Clichy-Odéon omnibus documents of the value of £16,000. The conductor who found the parcel was rewarded with the munificent sum of 50 centimes, or 4s. 21."—*Yorkshire Evening Post*.

If there really was a choice, no doubt he selected the 4s. 2d. like a sensible man, and got something like five francs for it at the nearest Bureau de Change.

A Quaint Wedding Ceremony.

"A dacoity is reported to have taken place on Monday last in the village of Gaodia in the Munshigunge sub-division. The dacoits, who had fire-arms, are said to have carried away considerable loot in cash and valuables. The honeymoon will be spent at Mount Abu."

Times of India.

The wedding presents seem to have been numerous and costly.

THE SEMOLINA AND THE GERM.

[A plantasy based upon the combination of these two elements in the ideal, or "Standard," loaf.]

GEORGINA! if the high divinities
That mould our lives had never laid
Their ban on our profound affinities,
Oh, what a pair we might have made!
But the Olympians chose to chuckle,
Upsetting Nature's wise decree
That you should play the Honeysuckle,
And I the Bee.

It is their game to bring together
The uncongenial groom and bride;
Conversely, too, to cut the tether
That kindred tastes would else have tied;
This is the thought that thins my locks so,
That such a pair apart should slip—
You, so to speak, the Cup of Boxo,
And I the Lip.

A combination badly sundered,
Forced by estranging routes to go—
United, how we might have thundered
Along this dusty vale of woe!
Yes, truly, we had travelled better,
Parts of a whole, with Love to steer—
You, as it were, the Carburetter,
And I the Gear.

Nature, I notice, now and then drills
Her family to clasp and twine;
So I would have your loving tendrils
Cling to this lonely heart of mine,
As o'er the oak in Druid copses
The faithful ivy joys to crawl—
You, by your leave, the Ampelopsis,
And I the Wall.

And yet, perchance, in that hereafter
Where severed loves redeem their gage,
Where mid Elysian fields of laughter
"Standard" ambrosia's all the rage,
We'll readjust, my poor Georgina,
The rift that marked our mortal term—
You, let us say, the Semolina,
And I the Germ.

O. S.

AN ACCLIMATISED COLONIAL.

WHEN I first saw him I was standing by a seat on the Broad Walk, Regent's Park; he was sitting up on the grass a few yards away, and I could see by the expression in his little round eye that he was considering whether my acquaintance was worth cultivating or not. Finally he decided to risk it, and, making straight for me in a series of swift undulating leaps, sprang on to the top of the seat, and thence to my left arm.

I might have felt more flattered by this condescension on the part of a Canadian squirrel if I had not been fully aware that it was due less to any personal attractions of my own than to the fact that my right hand happened to hold a small paper bag containing pea-nuts. You can procure these at the Refreshment Pavilion close by, and they give you quite a lot for a penny.

"I don't mind trying one of those," he said in squirrel language (which, if I speak it but indifferently, I understand fairly well). I passed him the bag. He helped himself, turned the nut once or twice in his forepaws,

examined it critically, and rejected it with disdain. "Rotten!" he remarked with unaffected candour. "Not fit to offer a wood-pigeon! I shall have to trouble you again." Which he did, but with no better success. "Another wrong 'un!" he said. "They seem to have been working off *all* their back numbers on you! If those Pavilion people don't supply a better quality of pea-nut, we squirrels will just have to withdraw our patronage—and where would they be *then*, I'd like to know?" I begged him to give them one more chance, and he graciously consented. "Well," he admitted, as he sampled a third nut, "this isn't so *bad*. Wants keeping—a trifle out of condition, but it'll do at a pinch. Yes," he continued, in the intervals between his nibbles, as he sat on my arm, "we're pretty numerous here. When we first arrived, all the most desirable residences were occupied by brown squirrels. Mighty condescending they were to us. Said they were superior to colour prejudice, and if we *did* chance to be born grey, we were nevertheless squirrels and brothers. Told us we were welcome to any branches or nuts they'd no use for. Offered to show us round. But I guess we showed *them* round. There was no *enterprise* about those squirrels, Sir, that was the trouble with *them*. Wouldn't go out of their way to appeal to your great British Public! Too stuck-up and stand-offish. And as for hustling—why, they spent more'n half the winter asleep! It was get on or get out, and they couldn't seem to get on—not with us, anyway. So you won't see any brown squirrels about here now. We started in to run this settlement as a business proposition from the word 'go,' and we're progressing, Sir, by leaps and bounds! Made our pile already, most of us have. I'm not one to blow, but if I was to tell you the amount of nuts to my credit in that bank over there, where the tulip bed is, it'd make you open your eyes! And I'm not the warmest squirrel in this Walk by any means. It only shows what can be done, even in an old country like this, by getting a move on. I don't say we haven't a failure among us here and there. For instance, you see that squirrel sitting up under the plane-tree? . . . Yes, the one with his forepaws clasped tight across his stomach. No, he *isn't* looking well, and what's more, he isn't *feeling* well either. That squirrel, Sir, drew out the whole of his deposit directly the bank opened this morning, and now he's gone and busted every blessed nut he had! But it isn't the first time he's gone bankrupt, not by a long way, and, soon as he's got his digestion in working order again, I expect he'll re-commence business and like as not be as rich as ever he was! . . ."

"Excuse me a moment," he broke off suddenly, and, darting down into the Broad Walk, held up an approaching perambulator and child with the air of a highwayman. When he returned to my arm he was holding a fragment of a biscuit, which he inspected dubiously. "It's either an *Osborne* or a *Marie*," he pronounced; "but I've an idea that baby's been having a go at it first. . . . No, on the whole I'd rather have another nut. Talking of nuts," he continued, "the Public that visits the Zoo don't begin to realise what nuts are meant for. I know, because I've got cousins and things in the Zoo. Most elegantly located they are, with a tree and enclosed lot all to themselves, and free to go in and out and receive their relations just as they please, and no questions asked. I look in at times, and, if you'll believe me, the Public there actually squanders all its nuts on a set of undeserving monkeys whose manners—well, I'd be sorry to think any *squirrel* would be so wanting in ordinary self-respect! It's a mercy we haven't got to associate with monkeys *here*. The wood-pigeons are bad enough. Just look at 'em, waddling round! If any



THE WHITE-HOUSE MAN'S BURDEN.

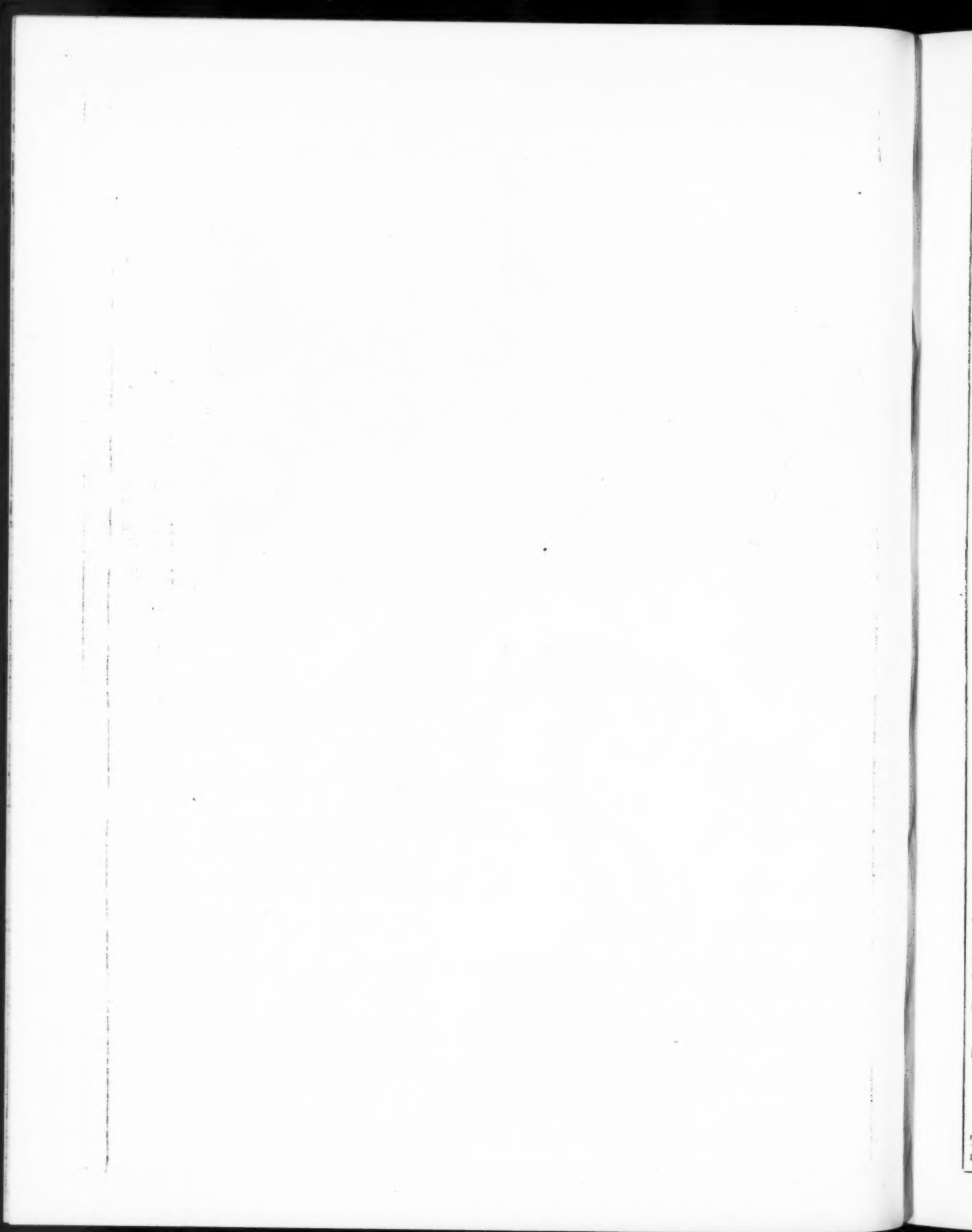
UNCLE TAFT (*on Mexican Frontier*). "WHO GOES THERE?"

UNCLE TAFT. "GUESS YOU CAN'T!"

UNCLE TAFT. "THAT'S MY BUSINESS. ALL THIS HEMISPHERE IS MY BUSINESS."

FILIBUSTER. "I DO!"

FILIBUSTER. "WELL, WHO ARE YOU, ANYHOW?"





Master. "NOW, BROWN, WHAT DOES 'MENSIBUS' MEAN?"

Brown. "T O O R F O R T A B L E S."

Master. "WRONG. SMITH MINOR?"

Smith minor. "ER—THREE TABLES?"

of 'em ever had a figure, they've forgotten it long ago!" (I could not help thinking that his own little paunch was just a trifle rotund, but I refrained from telling him so. After all, he was my guest). "It's *our* nuts they fatten on!" he said indignantly. "But we shan't stand this unfair competition much longer. These birds will have to go, Sir! Now, I *don't* mind the dear little sparrows. When pea-nuts pall, as they *will* do occasionally, a really fresh sparrow's egg is an agreeable relish. But we've no use for pigeons. There's one reform," he added, "we've already introduced. I daresay you've observed that no dogs are allowed in here unless they're on a lead? We squirrels insisted on that, Sir, and it makes terriers pretty wild, especially when we let on we aren't aware they're in the neighbourhood. . . . Here's one coming along now. Just you watch, and you'll see some fun. . . ."

But the instant afterwards he bounded off my arm and corkscrewed up the nearest tree-trunk to a top bough. "Perfectly scandalous!" he called down to me. "They've let him in without being under proper control! Will you kindly inform that terrier, Sir, that I shall take the earliest opportunity of reporting him to the Head-Keeper?"

I conveyed this to the dog, but I could not discover that it made the slightest impression on him. F. A.

A Cowardly Press.

"Conf., Tob., min., baby; news may be added; £25."

Advt. in "The Star."

This is headed "TOO LATE FOR CLASSIFICATION," but it looks as if the sub-editor didn't like to risk it.

A SENSITIVE CRAFTSMAN.

[The finger-print system, which has largely increased the facility of identification, is said to have given "unqualified satisfaction."]

THIS popular plan, since it certainly strikes
A blow at anonymous ways,
Can hardly be winning approval from Sikes
Or meeting with Raffles's praise.
Your burglar objects to his work being signed
With even so much as a hint,
And frowns on the prospect of leaving behind
His autograph plainly in print.

The average cracksman's professional cares
Are nowadays simply immense;
The cost of the gloves that he thoughtfully wears
Adds much to his working expense.
And, seeing that fingers encumbered by kid
Lose some of their lightness of touch,
He can't take the pride that he formerly did
In bursting a catch or a clutch.

Although it is true he continues to steal,
Being too conscientious to shirk,
He feels what all genuine artists must feel
When doing inferior work.
He knows that you're quickly reducing his art
To a vulgar, mechanical trade,
So he cannot view with a satisfied heart
This packet of prints you parade.

The Latest Chanticlerical Wear.

"The Quacker bonnet (says a fashion writer) is going to have vogue."—*New Zealand Herald*.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

VANITY FAIR.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—People are telling each other *un petit conte pour rire* about the Sunday Club at Olympia. Lady Manœuvrer has been there regularly through the season with her youngest and only unappropriated girl, Bluebell, in tow. Bluebell being very timid and wobbly, the Duke of Dulwich undertook to help her and show her how it's done. *Entre nous*, my dear, he's only a wobbler himself, but there's no point on which people are so self-deceived as their skating—except, perhaps, their profiles! Well, Bluebell (her mother's own daughter!) made the very best use of her time, flattering poor Dulwich about his prowess on rollers and the *immense help* he'd given her; and now that their engagement's announced and the wedding-day fixed it comes out that the Manœuvrer girl is *quite* one of the best amateur skaters of the day, can do the Donkey's Ears, Mustard and Cress, and all the most diffy club figures—in short, that what she *can't* do on rollers or blades isn't worth doing!

Aunt Goldie hasn't come to town yet. She sends Norty an occasional sixpenny wire from Devonshire (answer prepaid), asking him if he remembers that he has a wife! I don't know whether the answer is in the affirmative, as they say in the House. Talking of that dreadful House, Norty says the way Private Members are being used is simply *scandalous*, and that there's not been such a state of affairs since PITT, or somebody. The plan of giving them jig-saws to keep them quiet and prevent them from noticing what's going on is a failure. Norty says Private Members might just as well send messenger-boys to sit in their places, and a great many of them mean to do so. He's only had the chance to speak once since Parliament met. *Wasn't* that a lovely speech of his? and *didn't* he let them have it straight about this proposal to give Australia to Japan and the Isle of Wight to Germany?

Such a funny affair at the Wimbushes', my dear! You know them, don't you? He's Sir Peter Wimbush, Ltd., the great bristle man of Thames Street; but one meets them everywhere, for they're simply rolling, and bristles—*quid* bristles—so long as they don't make themselves into brooms and brushes—are visited and may visit! George, the elder son, followed his father into bristles and his mother to parties, and was just like other young

men. But Leonard, the younger one, has suffered acutely from "views." He wouldn't live at home, dressed anyhow, spelt people with a big P, wore a red tie, addressed open-air meetings, and led about dingy processions that wanted things. The old people and George were horribly angry and ashamed. Not long ago, George's engagement to Torfrida Saxonbury was announced. She's the Mercias' second girl, pretty and popular and an enthusiastic Daffodil-Leaguer (her brothers, Hengist and Horsa, are two of the nicest boys I know). The old W.'s were in raptures with George's engagement, and asked their dear future daughter to use "a sister's influence" with Leonard to win him from the error of his ways. She set to work obediently. George and his parents used to leave her *tête-à-tête* with Leonard, that she might argue and coax and win him back to the right way; and so the arguing and coaxing and "sister's influence" went on—till, two days before she was to have married George, Torfrida ran away with Leonard, and then wrote to say she *had* won him back to the right way, that his views had proved to be dissolving-views, that he'd thrown away his red ties and spelt people with a small p again, but that they'd found that they couldn't live without each other, and so they were married, and they hoped George and the parents would forgive them!

The old Wimbushes had nothing to forgive, of course. On the contrary, they were overjoyed to have Leonard won back. But their joy was short. George, in his rage, has become a worse Socialist than Leonard ever was, vows vengeance against society, and not only wears a red tie but a red revolutionary cap! I hear that he addressed a meeting in the Park last week and advocated the abolition of *almost everything*, and particularly of *parents, brothers, and fiancées*!

Lala Middleshire gets on splendidly with her Maison de Deuil. The Bullyon-Boundermere woman has been heard to say that she wishes "the dear duchess had gone into a business where one would have had more opportunity of dealing with her!" Norty says Mr. B.-B. had better keep a sharp eye on his better half and a bright look-out on what he eats, as wifely affection may go down before the longing to give Lala a job!

Oh, my dearest and best! I'd such a dilly evening a week or so ago! I went to the great fight between Basher Briggs and Kid Billings. (I gave a big tea for them the afternoon before, and

everybody voted them *simply* and *absolutely charming*).

The fight itself was just a little bit rather a disappointment, the poor dear Kid being knocked out in the sixth round. Beryl Clarges was quite *furiously* about it, said she'd expected a thirty-round contest *at least*, and had given ten guineas for nothing!—which I considered distinctly bloodthirsty of her. We've got the victor, Basher Briggs, for our next *Causerie du Mardi*. He's going to talk to us about upper-cuts and body-blows, and all delicious things of that sort, for the especial benefit of women who were too nervy to go to the fight.

So all that tiresome nonsense about SHAKESPEARE and BACON is up again, and they're positively groping in a river for writings to prove that it was BACON! But I can just tell them *this*:—If they *do* find any writings in the river, it will prove the case for *Shakespeare*, for you know, my dearest, in one of his plays he mentions "books in running brooks," and that was evidently after he'd *put* some there. Nothing like a woman's wit for settling these matters!

I asked dear Professor Dimsdale what *he* thinks about it, and he says that, for his part, he holds that not only was there no such person as SHAKESPEARE, but that there was no such man as BACON either, and that QUEEN ELIZABETH did it all! I thanked him in the name of all my sex for having such a tip-top opinion of one of us, and he said, "Not at all. It's my fixed belief that QUEEN ELIZABETH was a man!"

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

P.S.—Wee-Wee has taken to the new skirt, and Bosh refuses to go anywhere with her in consequence. "Why?" she asked him. "What's your objection to it?" "My objection to it," he said, "is that it's *not it*—it's *them*!"

The Sybarites.

"There was again a very large crowd of residents present at the recital by the Y and L Band at the Frere Hall band stand on Saturday night. The members of the band brought their own ginger beer with them, as usual."

—Sind Gazette.

None of your cheap brands for the Y and L.

"Wanted, smart youth; ride bicycle and go up ladder; regular job."

—Advt. in "Ipswich Evening Star."

In this age of specialisation there should be no difficulty about filling the double post.

"Wanted a Gardener, who will be required to make himself generally useful. Wages £20 weekly."—Advt. in "Church Times."

There are plums in every profession.

THE BROODINGS OF CAMBERLEY.

SECOND SERIES.*

(After "The Comments of Bagshot.")

September 9th, 1837.—While waiting for my 'bus this morning I had the good luck to fall in with a window-cleaner. Sitting by me all the way to my office, he talked of his profession; and he was, I think, the wisest man I ever met, and certainly the most modest. "Yes," he said, in response to one of my questions, "it's certainly dangerous. But, then, so is life. Life's dangerous, life is. It's dangerous for us to sit here. The horses may run away; the wheel may come off; something may barge into us; we may be catching cold; for all I know to the contrary, you've got the diphtheria, and I shall get it too. Window-cleaning, no doubt, is perilous work; but what I say is this: everything's perilous, come to think about it. Look at the blokes what have died in bed. That's what I say, and that's why I'm not afraid when I'm cleaning the third floor front or the fourth floor back." I call that heroic common-sense. Ever since then I have been racking my brain to imagine what he would say if he fell.

June 6th, 1852.—Last night I had a curious dream, as indeed I often do. I dreamt that I had gone to a swimming bath and had undressed, but could not find any bath with more than one foot or possibly eighteen inches of water in it. They were splendid large baths, and I was looking for a good swim, but it was no use. I went from one to another and always the same want of water.

It is impossible for my pen to convey the disappointment that I felt in being thus defrauded of the natation I had so eagerly anticipated. I woke thoroughly unrefreshed, and have often thought since how remarkable dreams are and wondered whence they draw their inspiration.

November 5th, 1871.—I saw an odd sight in the street to day. A number

* The first series appeared in the *Pragmatic Incomptible* during 1907 and literally swept the world. Letters poured in on the editor from every quarter of the universe. Thus, among Camberley's new papers I found a stout and bitter note-book labelled "My Reminiscences." I seized it with avidity, hoping for spicy anecdotes of the leaders of his historic times, but instead it was filled with such entries as these:—"We send sincere thanks for the new 'Broodings of Camberley'—compellingly interesting and stimulating gas of old." This from old England ever staunch and true. The next from Connecticut:—"You can hardly realise how much I enjoy the coming of your paper twice a week. We all stand on the piazza and cheer." The next from the Territory of Papua:—"Your bright little paper." The last from Koweit:—"That darling wise Camberley."



Flustered Traveller. "PORTER, DOES THIS TRAIN CLAP AT STOPHAM JUNCTION?"

of boys wearing funny clothes and masks were pushing a perambulator along Holborn, in which was what I took to be a baby, also wearing a mask. They were singing some song about remembering something, which, as it is what I am always doing or trying to do, naturally interested me.

But all my humanity was roused by the spectacle of the child being thus exposed not only to the elements and the ridicule of the passers-by, but also to the ordinary danger of vehicular traffic in this vast and busy city of ours, and, acting on an impulse, I dashed at the perambulator, intending to snatch the baby from it. This, however, was not easy, as it was tied in. But I quickly drew my pen, that being

much mightier than my knife, and slashed the cords. Meanwhile the boys were saying things that would set the readers of this reminiscence screaming were I to repeat them; but I was not silenced, and bore the baby swiftly to my office. There, however, to my disgust I discovered that it was only a stuffed dummy. I have been wondering ever since what I should have done with it had it been real.

March 8, 1881.—There died to-day, aged a hundred and one, my father's oldest friend, D. E. F. His proudest recollection was that he once saw Porson sober.

April 1, 1898.—Being to-day on a 'bus in Cheapside, I heard an excellent thing, as one always can if one keeps

one's ears open and one's eyes wide. A heavily-laden waggon, containing I do not know what, but evidently merchandise of considerable avoirdupois, drew across our way. Our driver, without a moment's hesitation, called out, "Why don't you get your old woman to come out and drive for you?" The expression of mortification on the waggoner's face, as he realized that he had no fitting reply, would require the pencil of a CLAUDE to do it justice. I have often wondered since, not only what the best retort would have been, but also what the waggon contained.

March 15th, 1904.—Walking down Southampton Row this morning, I noticed three little boys playing the game which I believe is called tipcat. One of the urchins struck the cat with such violence that it flew through the window of a solicitor's office; but before the indignant clerk emerged, the boys had disappeared. I am still wondering what would have happened if the "cat" had been alive, or, worse still, had had nine lives and nine tails.

March 17th, 1911.—I was walking down the Strand to-day, and passed a party of girls going westward on the north side, opposite the Savoy. One of them, pretty, daintily dressed, aged about eighteen, and apparently quite sane, suddenly detached herself from the others and planted a fervent kiss on the window of *The Globe* office. All to-night I have been racking my brain to imagine why, if she had to kiss any evening paper, she kissed that. As if there were no others!

It is fortunate, is it not, that these are merely extracts from Camberley's note-book, and not my own? This thought keeps me busy and happy most of the spare time I get.

According to Father BERNARD VAUGHAN, as reported in *The Morning Post*, "the Twentieth Century would be known to a future generation as the age of the childless home." If the present generation is childless we don't at first see how a future one is going to get born. Possibly it will be managed away from home.

"Before her marriage to Lord Camden in 1898 she was the daughter of Lord and Lady Henry Nevill."—*Evening News*.
Was the marriage as unpopular as that?

"Mr. G. H. Riley, in proposing 'The Host,' said they were all perfectly agreed that the dinner had been most perfectly served, and all present had thoroughly enjoyed it. (Applause.) Song, 'Your eyes have told me so.'—*Buxton Advertiser*.
That's where it shows.

A DEFENCE OF THE FELINE.

[The Reverend Head Master of Eton, a prominent vegetarian, recently attacked the domestic cat at the annual meeting of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds. "The harmless necessary cat," he declared, "is neither harmless nor necessary. Could not the public be compelled to check the multiplication of cats? . . . Could any tragedy be more wanton than the devastation of a goldfinch's nest by a prowling brute that nobody wanted to live."]

STRONG indignation fires my soul,

With strength my Muse apparels;

Come here, ye kittens! Caracole,

And fill your furry barrels;

Tush to the reverend pedagogue's control!

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue

Persian, roll

And rend the night with carols.

Have I no sympathy with larks

And nightingales and throstles,

Who love my Tiger's purred remarks

When round my boots he jostles?

I would not suffocate his vital sparks

For all the thunders of the Church's clerks,

Backed by the twelve Apostles.

What if he takes a tit or two

Or other tiny trillers,

The feathered victims that he slew

Were they not also killers?

Shall we not weep for gentlemen who rue

The flush unborn of wings that never flew—

Who keep pet caterpillars?

Has not the anguish of the worm,

His mute eyes turned to heaven

(Beast who, the scientists affirm,

Is nature's salt and leaven),

By the rathe blackbird's beak compelled to squirm,

Sometimes prevented boys for half the term

From getting up at seven?

No, if the gods have been unkind

And filled the world with riot,

It scarce becomes a sage's mind

To add to this disquiet.

Better to found some academe designed

To teach both birds and cats the more refined,

The vegetarian diet.

Two consecutive advertisements in *The Rangoon Gazette* :—

"Lost, Fox Terrier, six months old, white with black and tan marks, answers to the name of Rags. Anyone bringing to above address will be rewarded.

Notice. With reference to the above notice I did not leave the protection of my husband of my own accord; the separation was not of my seeking."

There is some mystery here.

OUR NEW PATRICIANS.

PALACES WHILE YOU WAIT.

THE superb palace which Lord Ockstein, the famous South African magnate, is building on his Surrey estate of Hankley Hall, midway between the Devil's Jumps and the Hog's Back, is not only remarkable as a typical specimen of modern rococo domestic architecture of the most advanced order, but as constituting a record in rapid construction. The Hankley Hall Estate, it may be mentioned at the outset, was for some four hundred years in the possession of the old Surrey family of Tilford, but was purchased for a song in 1896 by Mr. Nathan Frankel, the well-known City financier, who sold it two years ago to Lord Ockstein for £750,000. The estate lies in the heart of the most picturesque tract of what is still known as wild Surrey, and the view from the site of the new house is one of the finest in England.

The old Elizabethan manor-house which Lord Ockstein took over with the property occupied a beautiful tree-sheltered position facing South over the Wey valley, and was pronounced by Mr. REGINALD BLOMFIELD, A.R.A., to be an even finer specimen of Late Tudor style than the superb Norfolk manor-house which was recently pulled down by Lord Lumley of Peckham. Hankley Old Hall, which was begun in 1576 and finished in 1613, was demolished in two days by Messrs. Wallop, the famous contractors, who are pushing on the construction of the new palace at such a high rate of speed that it is expected the whole work will be finished in less than three months. Since the days of the Great Pyramid of CHEOPS there has never been so large an army of workmen simultaneously employed on the same work. Already the shell of the gigantic building is complete, and in a week or two the battalions of masons, stone-cutters, &c., will be replaced by fresh hordes of skilled craftsmen from the Tottenham Court Road, who will complete the internal fitting, decorating and upholstery.

As for externals, it may be at once admitted that Messrs. Gotch and Knackfuss, the architects, have resolutely refused to retain any of the features of the old building. The new palace is entirely in the neo-Guelmian style, and is built from end to end of collo-concrete blocks of condensed *pâté de foie gras* faced with Parian marble. The portico, supported by Ionic columns, is a fine specimen of the Debased Byzantine school, and the mixture of Gothic arches, Norman



Passer-by (to despondent tin-whistle player). "WHY SO SAD, CHARLIE?"

Player. "JUST FAHND AHT I BIN PLAYIN' FOR A GOOD 'ARF-HOUR AHTSIDE A HOFF-LICENCE."

pillars and gilt Oriental cupolas and minarets is quite indescribable. The frontage is just five feet wider than that of the Crystal Palace. The great central hall, which is almost as beautiful as the Queen's Hall, is profusely decorated with historic frescoes illustrating scenes in the lives of the heroes of finance—MIDAS, CRESUS, CRASSUS, &c.—and is provided with a noiseless sliding roof. On the north wing there is a magnificent roof winter garden, with a real ice rink, toboggan slide and bobsleigh run. A special feature of the dining-hall is a device by which it can suddenly be converted into a swimming-bath for the entertainment of high-spirited guests, should conversation flag. There are ninety best bedrooms, each with a private cellar attached, and each servant's room is equipped with a complete set of *The Encyclopedia Britannica* and a plaster cast of the editor, Dr. HUGH CHISHOLM. The Plover's Egg Store is the second largest in Europe, the Caviare Pit is sixty feet in diameter and eighty feet deep, and the Turtle Tank is very nearly as large as the Round Pond. The Cold Storage Crypt is a stately hall, in which the panels are to be filled with appropriate Arctic landscapes by Mr. SIGISMUND GOETZE. The gardens, which cover six square

miles, unite the most solemn features of the Euston Road with the colour scheme of a Kensington High Street ladies' hat-shop front. The statues have been imported from Italy and Sicily, the Japanese summer-houses from Birmingham, and the gold fish from the Gold Coast. The Dutch garden is enclosed by rows of yew trees brought from Holland, some of which have taken a hundred years of trimming by Dutch topiarists to acquire their present fantastic shapes. The great salt-water lake is stocked with tarpon from the coast of Florida and eels carefully selected by Mr. CONGER, the late American Ambassador at Constantinople. The private golf-links have been laid down regardless of expense with a layer of turf and sand ten feet deep, brought from the coast of Fife in a vessel built especially for the purpose. The bents are from the Austrian bentwoods, but the professional, ground-men, club-maker, and a corps of sixteen caddies are all natives of St. Andrews.

The number of *Dreadnoughts* belonging to Germany threatens to become more than the North Sea can hold, and there is talk in German official circles of increasing its accommodation by the submersion of Holland.

THE LOVER ON THE LINKS.

Now all delights of living meet
When I behold her thus, my sweet,
Planting with care her dainty feet,
Swinging the driver high.
On me she throws one radiant glance,
Then eagerly she smites (her stance,
Is rotten, by-the-by).

She's missed! Ah, well, the love I bear
Can pardon that, with some to spare
(Confound that silly rotter there
Grinning like one insane).
Her eyes grow bright, her temples flush,
The club swoops downwards with a
rush,—
Moses! She's missed again!

Have I done well to bring her here,
Exposed to every idle jeer,
Causing strange wrinkles to appear
Upon the caddie's brow?
Consummate ass (for such I am),
I might have realised—Oh, ———!
She's smashed the driver now!

How different was the game she played
When first love's spell on me she laid!
No ineffective strokes were made
The day that feat was done;
Fixing it with a keen regard,
She hit the helpless object hard,
And did the whole in one.



Little Girl (*fortissimo*). "MOTHER! DO LOOK AT THAT 'STEOORDINARY LADY!" (*Notices mother's look of horror*.) "SORRY, MOTHER; I FORGOT I OUGHTN'T TO POINE."

THE MARTYRS.

My cousins, the Metcalfes, have just returned from wintering in Switzerland. I say this without fear of contradiction, because each of them, at his or her own time, has told me all about it. Yes, all and a little bit more besides. I have marvelled much, and with never-failing politeness. I have uttered many a "Really?" many a "You don't say so," many a "How delightful!" My face has ached from the incessant strain of a concentrated expression. Ah! I have suffered.

My relatives-in-law, the Addenbokes, invited me to dine with them last night. I went. "They are talkative," I admitted to myself, "but they do not like snow. They cannot have been to Switzerland. With them I shall, at any rate, find relief from the never-ceasing information of my cousins, the Metcalfes." But upon greeting my hostess I received the worst news. My relatives-in-law, the

Addenbokes, had, it appeared, been wintering in Egypt, and it was for me to take the youngest and the worst of them in to dinner. This I reluctantly did.

"Tell me all about Egypt," I said, "and get through with it as quickly as possible."

She started telling me all about Egypt, beginning with the crossing from Dover to Calais. "That," I told her, "is more or less familiar. Come to the detailed glories of the Orient as expeditiously as may be. One travels to Switzerland also *via* Dover and Calais."

She tarried at Naples. "Have we much further to go?" I asked, swallowing a yawn.

We arrived at Cairo with the *entrée* and had only left Egypt with the savoury. We just managed to reach England again by dessert-time, and I had scarcely been put out upon Charing Cross platform and had the luggage examined, when the ladies with-

drew, Egyptian cigarettes (smuggled) appeared, and John Addenbroke drew his chair up to mine. At once I was re-embarked at Dover. From Dover, it seems, one sails to Calais.

"Pardon," I interrupted, "but a thought occurs to me which demands instant utterance. Has it ever occurred to you that history omits all reference to its real heroes, its genuine martyrs?"

"Talking about our journey to Egypt," he replied irrelevantly.

"I was thinking rather," I persisted, "of another man's journey to America. In no book of history have I even seen their names mentioned, but what agonies they must have been through!"

"Who are 'they'?" he asked impatiently. I answered him with great deliberation.

"The relatives," I said, "and the relatives-in-law of COLUMBUS."

IRREGULAR ANNIVERSARIES.

[*"It being twelve years and a half ago to-day since Queen Wilhelmina ascended the throne, celebrations are being held throughout the country."*—*Daily Mail*.]

As it is now exactly twenty-seven years, three months and a half since Mr. ROOSEVELT shot his first grizzly, the anniversary is being suitably celebrated at Oyster Bay.

Precisely nineteen years, nine months and three quarters have elapsed since Mr. BART KENNEDY arrived at the epoch-making decision to eliminate verbs from his narrative style. In commemoration of this joyous date the Bermondsey Quick Speech League have decided to entertain the eminent *littérateur* at a quick lunch at the Cassowary Restaurant.

Close on thirty-two years have winged their way into the past since Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE, during a sojourn in the Bavarian Highlands, acquired the fascinating accomplishment of jodelling. The Incorporated Society of Bavarian Highlanders have very properly decided to signalise this auspicious anniversary by an *al-fresco* concert in Trafalgar Square, at which Sir HERBERT has kindly promised to render the *Ranz des Vaches* in costume to an accompaniment on the xylophone, performed by Sir HENRY J. WOOD.

Just eleven years and eleven months ago Mr. DOUGLAS SLADEN narrowly escaped being run over by an omnibus in Piccadilly. To celebrate the anniversary of this happy escape, his fellow-members of the Omar Kháyyám Club have decided to serenade him with an Ode, which has been written by Mr. CHARLES GEAKE and set to music by the Queen of ROUMANIA, assisted by the Chevalier LE QUEUX.



A LITTLE-NAVY EXHIBIT.

DESIGN FOR A FIGURE OF BRITANNIA, AS CERTAIN PEOPLE WOULD LIKE TO SEE HER.

[See reports of debate on the proposal to reduce expenditure on the Navy.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday March 13.

—SPEAKER coming back to Chair after nearly week's retirement more or less cheerfully spent in company of an old family friend finds hanging low over House an appreciable, though indescribable, cloud of dulness. Something to do, perhaps, with absence of PREMIER, called away by illness of his daughter, and sight of empty seat rarely occupied by CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER since Session opened. Gaps in other quarters of House, occupants not caring to face wintry March, who, having failed to come in like a lion, assumes aspect of polar bear. PRINCE ARTHUR drops in punctually when Questions nearly over. EDWARD GREY, understood to be in charge of forthcoming debate, strategically makes himself master of situation by viewing its early development from retirement of his room behind the SPEAKER'S Chair.

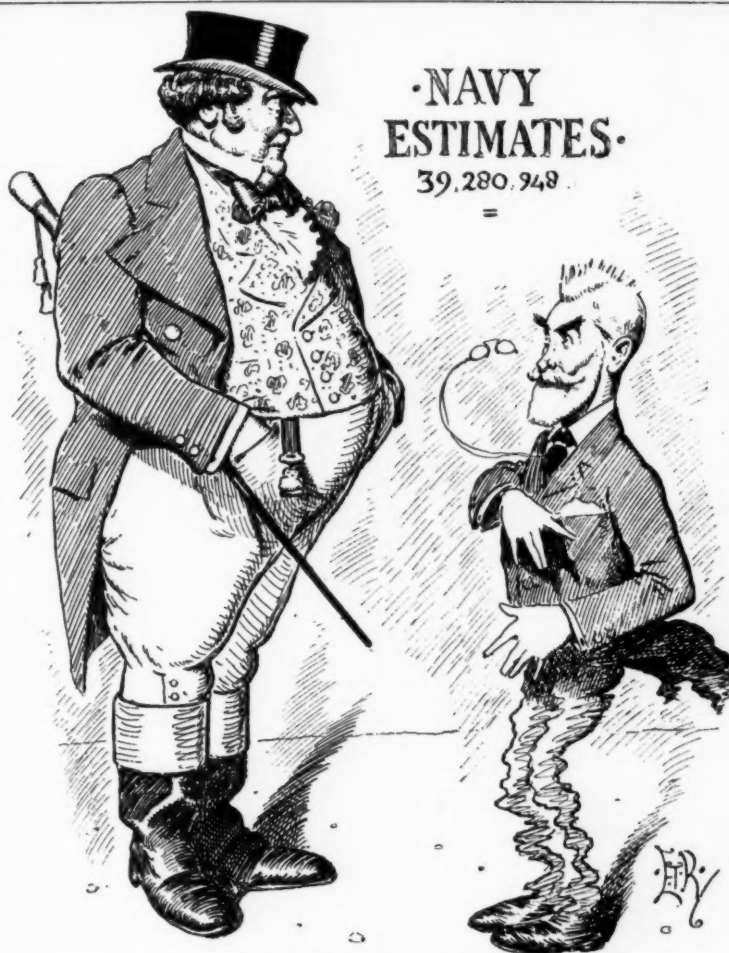
WINSOME WINSTON, wide awake after being up all Thursday night, appears at Table, bearer of Royal message. No demonstration greets his first official reappearance on the scene. Varied opinions expressed upon his conduct of affairs during all-night sitting. Some say more generous distillation of his characteristic winsomeness would have shortened proceedings. Others discern in succession of stormy scenes an organised plot above Gangway of posite Treasury bench to "take it out of" an obnoxious Minister.

From that point of view WINSTON'S bellicose attitude defensible. The worst that may be said of him has already been hymned by a French poet:

Cet animal est très méchant ;
Quand on l'attaque il se défend.

However that be, here he is at Table, submitting in suavest manner "another proof of the gracious consideration HIS MAJESTY shows for the convenience of his faithful Commons." Goes on to explain that it takes the form of desiring that the House shall be represented by MR. SPEAKER at the solemnities of the Coronation. "Leaving other Members to go to Westminster in the manner most convenient to themselves," WINSTON cheerily adds, thinking of the scramble for the best places.

When debate opened, explanation forthcoming of depression weighing down spirits of Members in opening hour of sitting. Due to intelligent, almost supernatural, anticipation of what was in store for them. Debate on "enormous increase during recent



ANOTHER "NAVY SCARE."

Mr. Murray Macdonald. "This is very alarming!"

John Bull. "What is?"

Mr. M. M. "Why, all this big, expensive Navy!"

John Bull. "Well, you might find it even more alarming if it were a little cheap one!"

years in expenditure of the Army and Navy" started by MURRAY MACDONALD. In his Resolution says he "views it with alarm," and asks House to join him in access of trepidation. To do him justice, alarm the last emotion one would connect with his placid countenance, his measured monotony of utterance, the level flow of what promised to be interminable verbiage.

The MEMBER FOR SARK estimates that in time of threatened invasion MURRAY MACDONALD'S services to the State would be equal in value to at least one *Dreadnought*. If he were to go down, accost the enemy and threaten to talk for an hour's length in the manner and matter of to-night's speech, the invader would, at end of first twenty minutes, fold his tents like the Arab and as silently steal away.

PONSONBY, who seconded motion, a trifle better. But not much. Once he arrested, for a moment held, wavering attention of House. It was when, dropping into one of those personal allusions which delight the House, he informed it that he had been born and brought up in a despatch box.

Business done.—Motion demanding diminution of expenditure on Army and Navy found support of 56 Members in muster of 332. Ministerial majority run up to 220.

Thursday.—Through the week quarter of House occupied by Irish Nationalists has borne resemblance to armed camp. Effort decorously made to conceal state of things under ordinary parliamentary forms. But it has been unmistakable.

Arose out of remark made by CAPTAIN CRAIG at break of day after all-night



CAPT. CRAIG STARTS WITH LONG JOHN O'CONNOR.

sitting. Irish Members thoroughly enjoyed the outing. Reminded them of old times when JOSEPH GILLIS BIGGAR was yet with them. With glistening eyes they told each other of the morning when JOEY B., having slept for a couple of hours on two chairs in the Library, returned to the wearied House and, drawing himself up to his full height of five feet, addressing the Chair, remarked, "Mr. SPEAKER, Sir, I have had a comfortable sleep and have come back like a giant refreshed."

Other times, other manners. At present epoch not for Irish Members to play the part of obstruction. Theirs rather to sit and watch amateurs at the game, refraining from speechmaking but contributing to uproar the blast of three-score voices brought into fine condition at recent General Election. It was after one such outburst that CRAIG interposed.

"If it is of any assistance to you, Sir," he said, addressing DEPUTY CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES, "we will, if you only give the word, put the whole of the Nationalist Party out of the House."

Nothing could exceed the courtesy of the gallant CAPTAIN'S way of putting

the thing, or the blandness of his manner. Had he been volunteering to go and get an orange for the tired DEPUTY CHAIRMAN he would have spoken just so. Observe also the deference to constituted authority. Possibly nothing would please the CAPTAIN more than full liberty to cross the Gangway and engage Mr. McVEAGH and Mr. DEVLIN in a bout of fisticuffs, "one down the other come on," as we used to say at school. But he was not the man to press personal predilection unduly. It was for the DEPUTY CHAIRMAN to decide. "If it is of any assistance to you, Sir."

WHITLEY in Chair at the moment, not recalling any precedent for proposed procedure, made no sign of acquiescence. After brief pause, their breath almost literally taken away by audacity of suggestion, the Redmondites broke into a howl of defiance that would have shaken the rafters had there chanced to be any.

There the matter ended for the time. But Party below Gangway too old campaigners to be taken at disadvantage. No one knows what may happen when two desperadoes from Ulster like Captains CRAIG and WILLIAM

MOORE (6 ft. $4\frac{1}{2}$ in. in his socks) put their heads together. Accordingly Irish camp put in condition of defence ready to resist any attempt to carry it by storm.

At council of war held at Headquarters (Committee-room No. 15) it was resolved that LONG JOHN O'CONNOR should be placed in forefront of expected battle. If in pursuance of the sporting offer of Friday morning CRAIG and MOORE swoop down with intent to "put the whole of the Nationalist Party out of the House," they will have to begin with LONG JOHN. His exit will necessarily be slow, and during process of effecting it opportunity will be afforded to consider second move in defensive tactics.

Probably Mr. SLAVIN will next be the Ulsterman's burden. Experience nothing new to him. Years ago, in time of Mr. GULLY'S Speakership, he was carried out on the shoulders of eight policemen, trolling forth as he went the plaintive melody, "God save Ireland." Has never been quite the same man since. Provoking air of respectability, apparently resultant upon this close contact with constituted authority, has taken the place of earlier exuberance. Possibly fresh experience on altered lines may have effect of shaking him up into semblance of his former self.

Business done.—FIRST LORD OF ADMIRALTY moves Navy Estimate. Five new *Eradsnoughts* to be added to Fleet next year. Opposition still harps on desirability of eight.

"CAREERS."

"LATENT GENIUS" writes: "Dear Mr. *Punch*, I am glad to see your article on the new publication that is coming out in parts under the above title.

It seems as if its authors have pierced the veil that hides the secrets of my innermost soul.

'Are you,' they ask, 'wasting your time earning a mere pittance'—I am.

'When,' they continue, with surprising intuition, 'you possess the energy and brain which, properly applied, would lead you to fortune?' That is so.

I feel hurt that it should be left to strangers to discover a fact to which my friends and relatives have been blind so long, but the knowledge that someone believes in me, that is to say, confirms my own opinion of my abilities, is undoubtedly encouraging.

The point is—what shall I be? I look over the Index to Part I. It is difficult to choose.

I begin by crossing off the careers that I can possibly do without, and am just about to decide whether I will be an Actor or an Actress, an Aeronaut or an Art needleworker, when a sad and bitter thought distracts me.

How many born Almoners, Actuaries and Antique furniture dealers may there be who, through lack of the necessary sevenpence, will eke out their lives earning a mere pittance and wasting "the energy and brain which, properly applied, would lead them to fortune?"

It is in the midst of this sorrowful reflection that my own tragedy becomes apparent to me.

On bringing to the surface my latent ambition (as requested by the promoters of this noble scheme) I find that I crave for fame and fortune only as a Xylographer, a Yachtsman or a Zoologist. In any other profession I should be wasting my time; my heart would not be in my work. But find me a position in any of the above capacities—tell me 'How to start,' 'What I shall earn,' and 'My prospects of great success,' and I am willing, nay, anxious, to put my whole soul into the work to-morrow.

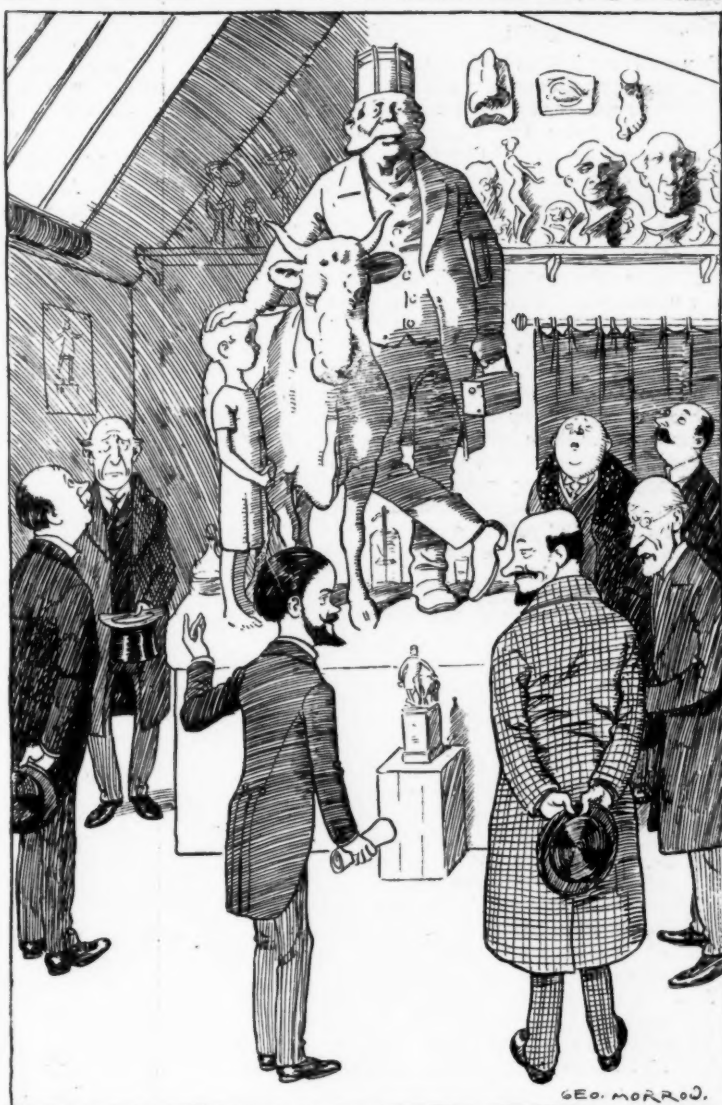
But—

A cruel fate has decreed that for a whole year I must curb my impatience, for a whole year I must wait, for a whole year I must watch our future Admiralty Officials, Bush-rangers, Curates, etc., being put upon the path to fortune before my need can be considered.

There is, however, one consolation that remains to me. With '750 well-paid professions' welcoming the career-seekers with open arms I am inclined to hope that by the time we reach 'X' I shall meet with little or no competition."

The publication of *Careers* renders it unnecessary for us to answer correspondence from persons anxious to change their profession. "NAVY" who wishes to be a Be-rtaster; "UNDERTAKER'S MUTE" who has a secret ambition to become a Feuilletonist; "AUTOMATIC-MACHINECOLLECTOR" who has designs upon the Chancellorship of the Exchequer; and "BILL-POSTER" who wants to go into Actor-Management, are all referred to the new work in question. Its publishers, we understand, have received some very flattering testimonials: Thus Mr. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER writes: "Your treatment of 'How to become a Multi-Millionaire,' is truly remarkable. It took me forty years to achieve what you explain in ten lines."

"A GAIETY GIRL" writes: "I have read Part I. as far as 'Actress,' and am



Sculptor (to Committee inspecting statue of Eminent Fellow-townsmen). "YOU OBSERVE, GENTLEMEN, I HAVE SUCCEEDED IN CARRYING OUT YOUR IDEA OF SUGGESTING THAT SIR JAMES WAS CHAIRMAN OF THE GAS COMPANY, THAT HE PRESENTED A FREE LIBRARY, WAS INTERESTED IN IMPROVING THE BREED OF CATTLE, ENDOWED AN ORPHANAGE, AND WAS AN ARDENT AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER."

dying to get into the N's—'Nobility,' I mean."

"My Friend LANSBURY," writes: "The only fault I have to find with *Careers* is that it offers too wide a field of activity for the worker. I believe in one man one job, except where two can do it easier. But why have you omitted from Part I. the profession of Agitator?"

"WEARY WILLIF" says: "The number of ways you give for earning a living fairly makes my head reel."

"A CURATE" says: "Most excellent in Parts."

Commercial Candour.

"A Rarely Comfortable Modern Detached Residence."—Advt. in "Irish Times."

"The Earl of Halsbury, who is eighty-four years of age, always believed that five was his lucky number. Curiously enough, he was born in 1825."—*Birmingham Pictorial*.

Very odd indeed, unless his handicap is 2.

The Royal Mint attains its centenary this year, and a proposal is on foot for celebrating the event by holding "The First Clearance Sale for One Hundred Years." This would undoubtedly be a most popular function.

DISILLUSIONED.

THE card was just an ordinary card,
The letter just an ordinary letter.
The letter simply said, "Dear Mr. Brown,
I'm asked by Mrs. Phipp to send you this;"
The card said, "Mrs. Philby Phipp At Home,"
And in a corner, "Dancing, 10 P.M.,"
No more—except a date, a hint in French
That a reply would not be deemed offensive,
And, most important, Mrs. Phipp's address.

Destiny, as the poets have observed
(Or will do shortly) is a mighty thing.
It takes us by the ear and lugs us firmly
Down different paths towards one common goal,
Paths pre-appointed, not of our own choosing;
Or sometimes throws two travellers together,
Marches them side by side for half a mile,
Then snatches them apart and hauls them onward.
Thus happened it that Mrs. Phipp and I
Had never met to any great extent,
Had never met, as far as I remembered,
At all . . . And yet there must have been a time
When she and I were very near together,
When someone told her, "That is Mr. Brown,"
Or introduced us "This is Mr. Brown,"
Or asked her if she'd heard of Mr. Brown;
I know not what, I only know that now
She stood At Home in need of Mr. Brown,
And I had pledged myself to her assistance.

Behold me on the night, the latest word
In all that separates the gentleman
And waiters from the evening-dress-less mob,
And graced, moreover, by the latest word
In waistcoats such as mark one from the waiters.
My shirt, I must not speak about my shirt;
My tie, I cannot dwell upon my tie—
Enough that all was neat, harmonious,
And suitable to Mrs. Philby Phipp.
Behold me, then, complete. A hasty search
To find the card, and reassure myself
That this is certainly the day—(It is)—
And 10 P.M. the hour; "P.M.," not "A.M.,"
Not after breakfast—good; and then outside
To jump into a cab and take the winds,
The cold east winds of March, with beauty. So.

Let us get on more quickly. Looms ahead
Tragedy. Let us on and have it over.

I hung with men and women on the stairs
And watched the tall white footman take the names,
And heard him shout them out, and there I shaped
My own name ready for him, "Mr. Brown."
And Mrs. Philby Phipp, hearing the name,
Would, I imagined, brighten suddenly
And smile and say, "How are you, Mr. Brown?"
And in an instant I'd remember her,
And where we met, and who was Mr. Phipp,
And all the jolly time at Grindelwald
(If that was where it was); and she and I
Would talk of Art and Politics and things
As we had talked these many years ago. . . .
So "Mr. Brown" I murmured to the footman,
And he—the fool!—he took a mighty breath
And shouted, "Mr. BROWNIE!"—Brownie! Yes,
He shouted "Mr. BROWNIE" to the roof.
And Mrs. Philby Phipp, hearing the name,
Brightened up suddenly and smiled and said,

"How are you, Mr. Brownie?"—(Brownie! Lord!)
And, while my mouth was open to protest,
"How do you do?" to some one at the back.
So I was passed along into the crowd
As Brownie!

Who on earth is Mr. Brownie?

Did he, I wonder, he and Mrs. Phipp
Talk Art and Politics at Grindelwald,
Or did one simply point him out to her
With "That is Mr. Brownie"? Were they friends,
Dear friends or casual acquaintances?
She brightened at his name, some memory
Came back to her that brought a happy smile—
Why surely they were friends! But I am Brown,
A stranger, all unknown to Mrs. Phipp,
As she to me, a common interloper—
I see it now—an uninvited guest,
Whose card was clearly meant for Mr. Brownie.

Soft music fell, and the kaleidoscope
Of lovely woman glided, swayed and turned
Beneath the shaded lights; but Mr. Brownie
(Né Brown, not Brownie) stood upon one side
And brooded silently. Some spoke to him;
Whether to Brown or Brownie mattered not,
He did not answer, did not notice them,
Just stood and brooded . . . Then went home to bed.
A.A.M.

TRAPPED.

SCENE—*The Drawing Room; Time, 3.15 p.m.* He is writing
at a small table with his back to Her. She is sitting
in an arm-chair working at a piece of embroidery.

He. What awful pens. This is the third I've tried and
it's the scratchiest of the lot.

She. They suit me well enough.

He. But they don't suit me.

She. They're not meant to: they're my pens; and that's
my table, too.

He. Yes, and it's the waggiest little humbug of a
writing-table I ever sat at.

She. Don't you dare to say another word against my pet
table. It wasn't meant for your great sprawly handwriting.
Besides, any self-respecting writing-table would object to a
man who wears hob-nailed boots on his feet.

He. You don't want me to wear them on my hands,
do you?

She. Charles, this is getting serious. You must check
this fatal tendency to be humorous. It'll wreck—

He. Do, for Heaven's sake, give me one minute of
complete silence. How do you expect me to finish this
letter if you keep on talking all the time?

She. Bless you, I don't mind whether you finish it or
not. Anyhow, I'm going. I've got to see Lady Lampeter
at half-past three, and it's nearly that already.

[She gets up and begins to put her work together.]

He. Does Parkins know you're going out?

She. Yes—at least I told Polly to tell him. But then
this is Parkins's sacred time. He always locks himself up
in the pantry for an hour every afternoon and goes to sleep;
and there's dreadful trouble if he's disturbed.

He. Well, I hope he won't let anybody in on me. I'll
have a word or two with him if he does.

She. You've only got to go into your library and you'll
be quite safe.

He. I'm going to finish this letter here, whatever hap-
pens. Besides, he'd track me into the library just the
same.



AFTER THE HUNT BREAKFAST.

Sporting Farmer. "BLESS US, DAN, A THOUGHT A KNAWED THIS COUNTRY PRETTY WELL, BUT A NEVER KNAWED AS HOW THERE WAS SO MANY DOUBLES IN IT; WE BIN A-JUMPIN' NOTHIN' ELSE ALL MORNIN'!"

She. Well, I'm off. Be good and write prettily.

[Exit *She.* He heaves a sigh of relief and continues writing.]

He (to himself, sticking a stamp on his envelope). There, that's done; and now I'll nip out before—

Parkins (throwing open the door). *Mrs. Boxer* and *Miss Hepplethwaite*!

[He glares balefully at *Parkins* and then with a swift change composes his face into a cheerful welcome as two ladies of mature age and of an aspect both genial and severe are ushered into the room.]

He. How do you do, *Mrs. Boxer*? How do you do, *Miss Hepplethwaite*?

Mrs. Boxer. *Hepplethwaite.* My sister, *Miss Hepplethwaite.*

He. Ah yes, of course. How do you do, *Miss Hepplethwaite*? I'm so sorry, but my wife has only this moment gone out.

Mrs. B. We're very sorry, I'm sure.

He. She can't have got to the bottom of the garden yet. Perhaps if I were to run after her I could catch her.

[He makes for the door as though to carry out his intention of running after her.]

Mrs. B. Pray, pray, *Mr. Bromley*, do not give yourself the trouble. We couldn't dream of it.

He. I could do it easily, you know.

Mrs. B. Oh, dear, no. We shall no doubt have further opportunities of seeing *Mrs. Bromley*.

He. Of course, of course. Won't you sit down?

Mrs. B. and Miss H. Oh, thank you. [They sit.]

He. I'm sure it's very good of you to call.

Mrs. B. These little return courtesies are, of course, essential.

He. Oh, yes, of course.

Mrs. B. Especially on the part of new-comers like ourselves.

He. Yes, of course, I'm sure I'm—that is—how does *Lowmead* strike you? It's a small place, isn't it?

Mrs. B. That is exactly what I was saying to *Matilda* as we came along. *Lowmead*, I said, is a small place, much smaller than *Mantleborough*, where we have hitherto resided, and it is necessary to be careful—did I not, *Matilda*?

Miss H. Yes, we both thought it a small place.

He. Yes, I'm afraid there's no doubt about it. It is a small place. [A pause.]

Mrs. B. Do you know *Mantleborough*, *Mr. Bromley*?

He. I'm sorry to say I don't. Charming place, isn't it?

Mrs. B. To some it may be; but we had to leave it on account of the new Vicar.

He. Really? I'm awfully sorry. Bad lot, was he?

Mrs. B. No, not that, *Mr. Bromley*, I am thankful to say, but High, dreadfully High.

He. Ah, they will be like that sometimes. But you're safe in *Lowmead*. Our man's as sound as they make 'em in that way.

Mrs. B. That is what really attracted us to *Lowmead*.

[A pause.]

He. Won't you have some tea?

Mrs. B. Thank you, *Mr. Bromley*; but pray do not give yourself the trouble.

He. No trouble, I'm sure.

[He rings.]

[A pause.]

Parkins (opening the door). Did you ring, Sir?

He (glaring). Yes. Tea for three; and look sharp. (To

Mrs. B.) Yes, as you say, *Lowmead* is a small place, but the Vicar's *Low Church*, and that makes up for a lot.

Mrs. B. Indeed it does.

[Left conversing.]

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. SMALLEY has brought the business of London Letter-writing nearer to the sacred skirts of Literature than any practitioner I know. A keen observer, with a perhaps uniquely wide range of acquaintance with men who make history, his style has a recurrent mordancy probably more agreeable to the reader than to the subject of his commentary. In *Anglo-American Memories* (Duckworth) he has culled from his weekly contributions to a New York newspaper the flower of his writing continued throughout more than half a century.

English readers may possibly be most interested in his crystallised talk about persons on this side of the Atlantic. They include Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, Lord MINTO, Lord GREY, Lord KITCHENER, Sir GEORGE LEWIS, Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, Lord GLENESK and Lord St. HELIER. Nor, greatly daring, does he shrink from dealing with the personality of some ladies, stars in the firmament of London Society. I confess I find deeper

and more abiding interest in the first half of the volume, in which from personal knowledge he traces the growth of the American Civil War and vividly describes his experience in the field as Special Correspondent. In power and picturesqueness these passages recall the writing of ARCHIBALD FORBES. The chapter recording the fatal indecision of McCLELLAN and the impetuosity of Fighting JOE HOOKER throws a flood of light on a critical epoch of the war, revealing to the

present generation how nearly the issue of the struggle justified Mr. GLADSTONE's memorable indiscretion, when he hailed JEFFERSON DAVIS as the creator of a nation.

Mr. SMALLEY's greatest achievement as a newspaper correspondent was his interview with BISMARCK in 1866, when after Königgrätz Prussia emerged from long obscurity. Of quite other kind, scarcely less interesting, are the intimate picture-portraits of EMERSON, WENDEL PHILLIPS and CHARLES SUMNER. These letters, when they appeared in a Sunday newspaper, commanded wide attention and wielded much influence on public affairs. Proof of their rare quality is found in the fact that they are fresh in interest to-day.

The *succès fou* of sheer impudence is no new theme, but it has remained for Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT to appreciate the exact feelings of the pusher and to trace the true origin of his push. *Denry* was not naturally impudent (he was far too shrewd and calculating for that), but he was, in business and love alike, subject to fits of impulse which led him willy-nilly into acts of extreme cheekiness. Inasmuch as these impulses always conducted to the most profitable ends, he felt bound to obey them all, cursing himself the while for the most unhappily obsessed of fools. Time after

time, and each time is more surprising than the last, the martyr of the outrageous idea became the hero of the astounding achievement, till people came to wonder what he would do next and to be of opinion that he was a remarkable fellow. *Denry*, having always shared the general wonder, is not long in fully endorsing the popular opinion. His real name was *Edward Henry*, and, from that name and the nickname into which it was contracted, you may guess what an offensive creature he was and yet how there was something very likeable about him. He tails off a little towards the end of his career, but there he is only human; for to succeed is one thing, but to go on being successful is another and much less amusing. If you have a right appreciation of the author, you will prefer to make for yourself the acquaintance of his *Denry*. Be duly grateful to me, therefore, for telling you that the book in which this may be done is *The Card* (METHUEN).

One may well overlook a certain light-hearted looseness of design in *John Winterbourne's Family* (CONSTABLE) for joy of the fresh originality of characterisation which gives to

ALICE BROWN's latest novel a distinction above that of all her previous work; and this is about as high praise as I can think of. In *Country Neighbors*, her recent collection of short stories (also published by CONSTABLE), it was matter for marvel with how sure and swift a touch of humanity she made one know and love her simple folk almost at sight. It is not so here; for nearly all the characters in her new novel seem not only to be outside one's experience, but to demand some pains for their right

appreciation. One of them—*Celia*—remained for me a mystery to the end; but most of the others, even if some of them could never have existed in fact, are a triumph of pure creative force. Her sense of unspoiled beauty in the virgin type that comes nearest to the heart of savage Nature recalls the art of Mr. THOMAS HARDY; and her way with children Mr. BARRIE himself could not better. But there are chapters in this book of hers that neither of these masters, nor both of them together, could have achieved. *Winterbourne's* personality, in its relation to little children, to Mother Earth, to THEOCRITUS, to the adopted girl who dumbly adored him, and to the wife whose intrusions, sentimental or worldly, roused him alternately to Olympian laughter and Olympian wrath, would arrest the imagination in any company of the memorable characters of fiction. I don't know what proportion of due honour is enjoyed by ALICE BROWN as a prophet in her own country, but I know I sincerely envy America the possession of her genius.

"It is understood that Mr. Justice Griffin intends taking the summer out of India."—*Pioneer*.
Let's hope he'll bring it to England.



TRADE SECRETS.

"NOW THEN, HOOK IT; HERE COMES A CUSTOMER."